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PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

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ON THE SIDEWALK.

From the Washington Gazette.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motely crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart,
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of the city's ills,
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills!
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his 'ean, wan free and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the p sser by
As he gives him little or much.

When time has beaten the world's tattoo,
And in dusky armor dight,
Is treading with ceaseless footsteps through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of these shall be daintily fed
And shall sink to slumber sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed,
And never a crumb to eat.

Ah me! when the hours go joyful by,
How little we stop to heed
Our brother and sister despairing cry
In their woe, their bitter need!
Yet such a world the angels sought
This world of ours we'd call,
If the brotherly love that the Father taught
Was felt by each for all.

FUN AND FROLIC.

TO A LATE MOSQUITO.

Meandering monster of melodious buzz,
Dear Suzz!
How did'st thou happen all alone to wait
So late,
Till cool November sits upon the hills
And chills
The air, and every other insect is
All friz!
The miasmatic tub that cradled thee
Now see
All calm and cold and sheeted over nice
With ice!
About my nose the blanket I enfold—
I'm cold!

And yet thou wanderest on wanton wing
To sing!
Aha! Thy voice is husky, stiff as pegs
Thy legs!
I'll bet thy dreaded augur is about
Worn out;
And those rheumatic wings just keep thy boat
Afloat!
Thou wert Apollyon, but I feel thy bore
No more!
Come! I will let thee on my arm to-night
Alight,
And ply thy feeble gimlet where the skin
Is thin!

Now, work away, brace up! Now, steady, there!
Take care!
Gracious! Thou'st tumbled off heels over head
—Fell dead!
The dread avenger with scythe and glass,
Alas!
Has gobbled thee! Thou passest in thy chips,
Thy lips
Shall quaff the flavorous chalices of gore
No more!
Like human life thy days were very sweet.
But fleet;
Thy choicest morsels quickest disappear—
Same here!

—Andrew's American Queen.

LUCK IN A TUNNEL.

I am an old miner. Not one of the nowadays Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old '40 California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new fangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet," I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel, in which I and my partener engaged in the summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my foot caught under a large stone and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the water from the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions With a few expletives of rather a forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period. I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention was attracted by a folded paper which had been placed under the which caused my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, picked it up and proceeded to examine it. It was written in pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

'If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform him that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by two partners, who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me, they have fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find, buried in a ravine at the foot of a 'blazed' tree twenty five paces due north of this, a bag containing $5,000 in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me is the wish of

ANDREW FOREST.'

I stood for some moments after reading the letter, like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was genuine, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clew from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and, pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining it, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been 'blazed' at some remote period. This was confirmation strong as Holy Writ,' and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging, and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and, looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparation of their supper. As an excuse I showed them the letter and detailed the manner of my finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Neshitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

'I think there has been a ravine here, but it has been filled up by the rains.'

On close examination we decided that his supposition was correct, and after some consultation we determined to commence digging early the following morning.

Morning came and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down; for, as he said, we would be more likely to find the bag in the bed of the ravine by following it up than by digging down in any one place. The result was that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill.

We worked at the tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt we had excavated down to the river and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way thought they might 'make grub' while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they entered so eagerly into my views re arding the buried bag of dust, I made no objections to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search that I had become utterly regardless of almost everything else. I had dreamed of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control of my mind. Day after day we worked, I digging, and my companions washing; but, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust, and I asked them nothing about the results of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill when, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was sound asleep I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completly covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and in a manner buried me alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident. I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was—how long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen times statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by human beings' lungs, but; like almost everybody else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forget the figures.

How much I would have given then to be able to recall them? The next thought was: How can I proceed to extricate myself? If I went to work with shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen, it was very likely that all I should be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall in from above. This was pleasant! I racked my poor brain to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect.

Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself down on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water, on a small scale, was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above, and bring another mass on my head. The next moment the thought struck me it might be turned to my advantage. Why could not I direct it so that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to make an opening large enough to allow me crawl through it? Even if I had only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me at least to exist until my partners would bome to my rescue.

Carefully examining the course of the water. I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and, to my great joy, ascertaining that I could easily direct it by cutting a channel out of the sides of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance of the tunnel.

The air at this time was quite hot and stifling, and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly or I should perish for want of oxygen.

After cutting a channel for the water to flow toward the entrance. I entered the cave, and rejoiced to see that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel and pushed it through the moistened earth as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I could push it further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing the pick-handle against it. I pushed both as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first evening made by the water, but I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which *I* pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes *I* discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination. *I* scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved into a certainity, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself.

Larger and larger the opening grew; lump after lump of earth was washed away by the stream, till the channel became large enough to place my head in and call lustly for assistance.

Just as *I* was drawing my head back, *I* caught sight of a buckskin bag Hastily seizing it, *I* found it was the one we were in search of, and which, but for the accident, *I* never would have found. Wishing to surprise my companions, *I* concealed it, and redoubled my cries, *In* a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasent position.

'Well, Ned,' said Jack; as he shook my hand, '*I* am glad to see you're safe, old fellow, the more 60 as Bill and *I* have deen deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the summer to get you into a tunneling operation, and you have only laughed at us.'

'Yes,' *I* said,

'Well, when you got that letter, we made up our minds that we would go into the job with you; not with the hope of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement. intending, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and my boy we have not made less than $300 any day since we began'

'Then you think the bag a humbug, do you?' *I* asked.

'Of course,' said he.

'Well. *I* don't, and intend going on looking for it,' said *I*.

'Now, what is the use of being foolish?' quoth Bill Jennings. 'We have got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. *I* can't see the use of continuing such a wild goose chase as the hunt for that bag.'

'Be that as it may,' said *I*. *I* intend to follow it up.'

'Well, Ned, we may as well tell you first as last. *I* wrote that letter in order to get you to go into tunneling.'

'And the blazed tree,' said *I* 'how about that? The blaze' certainly two years old.'

Jack hesitated.

'Why, you see,' said he,' we found that tree. and wrote that letter to suit it.'

Then what do you think of this?' *I* asked, showing him the bag *I* found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag we found about $3,000 worth of gold. Jack would never confess but always insisted that the variance between the statement in the letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that there was no connection between the two. *I* don't think so, however. and *I* believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We could never ascertain anything about Mr. Forest, so we divided the money between us.

Saved by a Panther.

You ask me to tell you a story. Well, as I know of no better way in which to spend the long evening before us, I will try to do so on one condition. Each must try his hand at it when I am through.

We were weather-bound at a rude Western inn, almost on the verge of civilization. The day just passed had been a stormy one, and we had got through it as best we could. Now, as the darkness came on early, and the long evening loomed up before us, we gathered about the roaring fire of huge logs, which burned bravely upon the hearth, and prepared to pass it away by story telling, a device to which travelers in our situation are always prone to resort.

The one who had been appealed to for the first story was a man of some fifty years of age, who had followed the occupation of a peddler. He had the best turnout in the stable which that part of the country had ever seen in his line, though he had told us that once he had for years carried a pack on his back. But by his own exertions and industry he had risen above that now, and had a snug sum laid up against the time when he should give up his business, and take the remaining years of his life in an easier way.

We gave our consent to his conditions and he at once commenced his story:

"It is now nearly fifteen years ago that the adventure befell me that I am about to relate.

It was before I gave up my pack for a horse and cart, though I had already made up my mind that I could afford it. I was traveling through a wild section of country—wilder, if possible, than this about here. Between the settlements there were long stretches of forest filled with wild beasts, and now and then you came upon a band of strolling savages. Besides these, there was the usual class of villains, horse thieves, and renegades, who would not hesitate to take a man's life if they thought it to their advantage to do so.

One night I stopped at a tavern which stood in the midst of a little settlement of no more than a dozen log houses. I I had been round them and drove what bargains I could, and in the morning was to go on at as an early an hour as possible, for I learned that I had nearly a score of miles to go before I should reach the next settlement.

In the evening there was assembled in the bar-room all the male denizens of the place, among them was one whom I at once set down as a villain. His looks plainly showed that there was little he would hesitate to do if there was anything to gain, Again and again I caught him looking toward my pack, which I had placed in one corner of the room, near the bar; and at once I felt sure he was looking at me as though calculating whether or no I should be a dangerous antagonist in case he should rob me of it. The more I saw of him the less I liked his looks, and I felt relieved when at last he left the room for home.

I was up betimes the next morning, and as soon as I had eaten my breakfast I started. As I left the settlement behind me I could not help glancing about me to make sure that the man of whom I had formed so poor an opinion was not following me; but he was not to be seen Hardly any one was stirring out of doors and there was little life except about the tavern, or where the white smoke curled up above the roof of each cabin.

Once within the forest I hurried on, desiring to put as great a distance as I I could between me and the settlements in as little time as possible.

A feeling of danger oppressed me, which I found it impossible to shake off. I am not naturally timid, or given to presentiments, as many are; but on this occasion there was a sort of fear upon me of which I could not rid myself, try as hard as I might.

All the morning I kept on in this way, and by noon felt that I had put a distance between myself and the settlement that I had no longer to fear any one that I had left behind me.

As I had learned from the landlord that I would not be able to reach any human habitation before nightfall, I had taken my dinner with me, and now, feeling the need of it, sat down by the edge of a clear stream which crossed the road, and commenced my noontide meal. Only a man who has walked as I had that morning can know the relish I had for the bread end meat which had been provided for me, and when the generous supply had disappeared I almost wished that there had beed more.

The extra exertion *I* had made, and the hearty meal of which *I* had partaken, made sleepy, and, placing my pack under my head, *I* closed my eyes, thinking *I* would take a few minutes rest before going onward.

I did not mean to go to sleep, yet in less than five minutes I was unconscious of all that was passing around me. How long I slept I know not. I might have been a few minutes or it might have been an hour, but I awoke at last with a start, and a sense of great danger hanging over me. I did not start up or move hand or foot. A certain something, I could not tell what, seemed to chain me down.

I opened my eyes and looked about me, but saw nothing; and I was just on the point of making a motion to get upon my feet, when I heard the slight cracking of branches above my head. Looking up in the direction of the sound I beheld a sight that almost froze the marrow in my bones, and seemed to ture my blood to ice. A huge panther was crouching there ready to spring upon me.

As motionless as one dead I lay and gazed upon my terrible enemy. To stir as much as a hand I knew would be the signal for the beast to spring upon me Its fiery eyes were fixed upon my face, and its tail was moving to and fro, like that of a cat.

Hope of escape there seemed none. My doom was settled. The panther had me as surely in his power as though at that moment his claws were fastened in my flesh.

The agony of those few moments I shall remember to my dying day. It haunts me in my sleep, and often I start up in affright, dreaming that the terrible scene is being enacted over again.

All at once the fiery eyes of the panther were turned from me, and fixed upon some object a little to the right. What could it mean? What new danger was approaching me from that direction? By turning my herd a little I was enabled to see what it was. A man was creeping toward me with knife in his hand. He was not a dozen feet from where I lay, and at the first glance I recognized him.

It was the man whom I had made up my mind was a villian in the tavern the night before, and whom I feared all the forenoon might be following me. The presentment I had was not groundless then. But I had not counted on a double danger.

Cautiously the villian crept toward me, with a murderous look in his face. The villian, while he sought to murder me, was not aware of his danger; for the panther no longer had his eyes fixed upon me. It was watching every motion of the villian, and each instant I expected that it would leap down upon him.

If it would only do so before he reached my side it would prove my salvation.

Closer and closer the villian drew toward me. Only a moment more, and he would be so near me that he could reach me with his outstretched hand. There was not an instant to be lost, and I was just on the point of springing to my feet when, quick as a flash of lightning the panther cleft the air, and landed squarely upon the shoulders of the villian, with his claws and fangs buried deep in his flesh. A terrible cry of terror and rage burst from his ligs as he went down with his blood dyeing the earth. At the same instant I was upon my feet, and drawing a pistol, I sent a bullet through the beast. It did its work well, though even in death the brute clung to its victim, and when at last struggles were over, I pulled it from the bleeding man, I saw that it had done its work. The impress of death was on the villian's face, and in a few moments he was dead.

I left them both lying there and hurried on to the next settlement, where I told my story. With help I returned, and the dead man was carried back to his home, where no one seemed to care for his fate,

In my home I have the skin of the panther stuffed, and should you ever come my way, gentlemen. I should be pleased to show it to you."

LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted, I can go back to the tyye case and be sure to find work, for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job work, book work and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of a self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or if you please, to the farm—for to be sure, good farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that, branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girad from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday he went to his master and told him that his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him: 'Very well. Now go and learn a trade.

'What trade, sir?'

'Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have made a perfect barrel bring it to me.

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said:

'Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room, but henceforth you will not be dependent on the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve.'

The young man saw the wisdom and understood.

Years ago, when the middle aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greely wrote:

'It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as editors, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting tye or farming; so that while strength lasts, ten thousand blockheads, taking offense at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor house."

MARRIED WITHOUT SHOES.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

'But you have not a penny,' remonstrated his friends.

'I have two hands. A man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, and the other for his wife,' he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but barefooted.

'This is hardly decent,' said clergyman. 'I will lend you a pair of shoes.'

'No,' said Johnson; 'when I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before.'

And he stood up to be married without any shoes on his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for, he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timber land and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time flew by he bought more; than he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in Southdown and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson, having once found out that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way and that dogged persistence in following it, which are the elements of success.

Stock-buyers from the eastern market found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail —the end of which course is that the man who married barefooted is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point out a moral for hordes of stout, able-bodied men.

He that pelts at every barking dog must pick a great many stones.

The untruthful witness is tried for perjury per jury.

Rock-crystal is nothing but a geologist's strata-gem.

The Christmas time comes on apace, and charity begins to hum.

The borrower's motto—'Lend me a loan and I'll let you alone.'

A political paradox—Empty pails only can keep their heads above water.

Virginia creepers are being planted by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, on the sides along the track. It is done to prevent land slides. England, long ago, made a thing of beauty out of her railroad embankments, which in America are usually an eyesore.

Providence Independent.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor

THURSDAY, DEC., 18, 1879

☞ Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

The Grant demonstration in Philadelphia on Tuesday, surpassed anything of the kind that ever occurred on the Continent. The show, the pomp, the glory and tom foolery, we hope, is over and let there be peace. Grant was an extraordinary General, a little below the average President, a man who has had honor thrust upon him, and may he hereafter count as an honerable citizen and not a sujbect for vain glory.

James L. Moody, once an eminent lawyer of St. Louis and then Circuit Judge, was taken to the hospital in that city, the other day, as a charity patient. After the war, when General Grant visited St. Louis, Moody was his host, and it was intimated that when Grant became President Moody would become an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. But he took to drink and lost everything, being driven from the bench by impeachment.

Germany, at the request of Austria, has instructed the commanders of German ships in Peruvian waters to protect the Austrian Consulates if they are imperiled on account of the war between Chili, Peru and Bolivia.

The dispatches from Memphis report a singular case in the United States Court and a decision that will challenge some dispute from those who have not looked into the law of the subject. A Tennessee Rip Van Winkle has been holding slaves right straight along State and Federal Constitutions to the contrary notwithstanding, but as there is no law of Congress carrying the constitutional prohibitions of slavery into effect and providing penalties for their violation the learned Judge quashed the indictment and discharged the defendant. There could be no slaves here, said the Court, and, therefore, no one could be held as a slave. "They can't put you in jail; there's no law under which you can be held in durance vile,' said the lawyer to his client,' with whom he talked across prison bars. 'That's all very well for you to say,' replied the locked-up man; 'but, hang it, I am in here all the same.'—Times.

A writ of error in the Huntzinger case was filed in Reading on Monday, from Judge Paxson, of the Supreme Court Jacob and J Albert Huntzinger, recently liberated from prison here, with their counsel, F. W. Hughes, Pottsville appeared before Judge Paxson, in Philadelphia, on Saturday, and asked the writ which is to remove the Judgment based on the conviction for conspiracy into the Supreme Court. It is understood that the purpose is to reverse the order of restitution and all proceedings thereon. It will be remembered that when Judge Hagenman, of that city, two years ago, sentenced the Huntzingers to two year' imprisonment, he also sentenced them to make restitution of all moneys alleged to have been taken from Ex-Prothonotary Kerns, of Schuylkill county, who was a depositor in Huntzinger's bank and who brought the suit for conspiracy against father and son. The ex bankers were discharged on $100,000 bail to appear there to show that they were insolvent. The writ of error granted takes the entire case out of that court and removes it to the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Emily Hayne, the mother of the poet Paul H. Hayne, died at her home in Richmond county, Georgia, a few days ago, at the age of 74 years.

Special Correspondence.

Philadelphia Letter.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec., 17, '79.

It is to be hoped that you will not look for much of a letter this week from your correspondent, either as regards quantity or quality. The fact is that a gentleman by the name of Grant, who is probably known to some of your readers, is here, and has quite upset the usually staid Quaker City, It is Grant here, Grant there, Grant everywhere. He arrived yesterday and the inhabitants turned out to a man, to a woman, to a child, to welcome him, either as processionists or as spectors.

The reception procession was undoubtedly the largest ever seen in this country, The twenty regular divisions of which it was composed, and which numbered all the way from 500 to 10,000 in each, commenced to move, some of them at a very early hour, and at the appointed time, were in all respective positions. The streets intersecting at Broad, from Columbia Aveune down to Brown, both East and West of Broad, were crowded with processionists, while the First Division extended on Broad street from Columbia Avenue to Susquehanna Avenue, where the railroad crosses Broad, and where the distinguished visitor alighted and was received by the Mayor and the Reception Committee. Being escorted to an open carriage, the General and his escort proceeded down Broad street, the military following and each division falling into its proper place in the line. The procession continued on down Broad to the new Public Buildings at the corner of Market, down Market to Fourth, thence to Chestnut, out Chestnut to Thirteenth, to Pine, to Broad again, down Broad to Passyunk road, countermarched on Broad to Market, to Fifteenth.

At the club house of the Union League Gen Grant took position on balcony and received the parade as it countermarched. All along the route the enthusiasm was unbounded, and the ex-President (perhaps the future President) must have felt honored at the grand ovation, Houses all over the city were decorated with flags, evergreens, banners and inscriptions. and the bells from the principal churches chimed out a welcome. One hundred and ten brass bands furnished music, and brought to mind the expression, "Lengthened sweetness, long drawn out."

There were many features and incidents of the occasion worthy of note, but even a partial description of the great parade would occupy too much of your valuable space. Suffice it to say that the like was never seen here before, and was a credit to the liberality and patriotism of our people.

During his stay here General Grant will be the guest of Mr. George W Childs, the big-hearted proprietor of the *Ledger*, who has prepared a special suit of rooms for his comfort in his palatial residence, the furniture of which will be of rosewood and satin, and the furnishing very elaborate and costly. Mr. Childs does nothing by halves After dinner last evening at Mr. Childs', a large number of distinguished personages being present, the visitor was serenaded by the German Singing Societies of Philadelphia. To day there will be a reception at Carpenter's Hall, one at Independance Hall, and one in the evening at the residence of Mayor Stokley. The whole week will be one series of reception, and the General will find but little rest, thus paying the penalty of greatness.

As regards other matters the City is rather quiet. To satisfy a mortgage the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek railroad was sold at auction on Saturday. It was purchased by Strickland Kneass for $50,000, the only bid.

Miss Emma Turaby, the talented singer, will, it is said, soon marry Mr. Henry F. Gilig, the London banker and the head of the American Exchange in Europe.

Fox's standard Theatre on Chestnut street was on Saturday sold to Joseph M. Bennett for $72,000.

A movement is on foot to secure the meeting of the next National Republican nominating convention for this city. The Permanent Exhibition building has been offered as an inducement.

Whilst a steam engine was running to a fire last Friday evening it came into collision with a street car, smashing in the side of the latter and turning it at a right angel from the track. A lady passenger, the only occupant of the car, escaped injury by a miracle. The two engine horses brought up inside the car, and had to be turned around and led out of the door.

M. Henri Say, a French millionaire, arrived at this port last week in his steam yatch, built for Dion Boncicautt at a cost $150,000, and sold by him to M. Say. From this point the yatch will proceed to Havana and from thence continue her tour around the world.

A corporation has been formed to build another bridge across the Schuylkill, at Walnut street, which will make five such connections between Philadelphia and West Philadelphia.

This week the theatres will reap a rich harvest, owing to the immense number of strangers here. The following are the attractians: At the Park, "My Partner," Chestnut, "Wives," Walnut, Kate Claxton in "The Double Marriage," Arch, Robson and Crane in "Our Bachelors" and Comedy of Errors;" Wood's Museum, "The Boy Detective"; North Broad, "First Life Guards." LOGAN.

Our Washington Letter

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 10, '79.

Senator Voorhees, in preamble and resolutions introduced on Monday, takes strong ground against a disturbance of the present financial condition by retiring the greenbacks. He also calls attention to the supposed fact that the silver coinage bill of 1878, and the bill preventing the reduction of the greenback volume below $346,000,000, were passed against the wishes and efforts of a Republican administration.

Of this subject of finances there is in both the principal parties wide difference of opinion.

Between Mr. Voorhees, and Mr. Bayard on the one side, and between Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Morrill on the other, the difference is simply irreconcible, This however does not indicate party divisions, as it is not possible that, in the present condition of affairs the finances should be a main question in any election near at hand. I think when a vote is taken, if ever on the the "let well enough alone" resolution of Senator Carpenter or on the similar one of Mr. Price in the House the resolution will receive a large majority in both Houses.

The *Evening Star* says it is believed the Supreme Court of the United States before which the question of the constitutionality of the federal election laws is being heard, will stand as follows: For constitution, Waite, Strong, Miller and Swayne, against; Clefford, Field, Bradley and Harlaw. Justice Hunt is principally incapacitated from sitting, and the tie vote sustains the laws, the case having come up on a decision to sustain them.

Two constitutional amendments of general interest have so far been opposed. One fixes the Presidential term at six years, prohibiting immediate re-election, and the term of Representatives in Congress at three years. The other prohibits general legislation on appropriation bills, and giving the President power to veto parts of such a bill without interference with other portions. Both of these may be good in intention, and might work well in practice. But it is a gratifying fact that Congress in peaceful times, is slow to give its authority in favor of changes in the fundemental laws,

Very sensibly the Senate yesterday confirmed Mr. McCrary's nomination to a Federal Judicial position. His professional and personal fitness was unquestioned. Political questions were not raised. They never should be in a case like this. Ex Govenor Ramsey, of Minnesota will succeed Mr. McCrary as Secretary of War.

Adjournment on the 19th has been decided on by the House. The Senate will probably concur in this, though an earlier date would not be surprising. OLIVE.

What the Mails Carry.

GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY AT THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE AWAITING OWNERS.

WASHINGTON, December, 14.

The Post Office Department has issued a catalogue of nearly twelve thousand separate "lots" of articles accumulated in the Dead Letter Office, which are to be sold at auction, in this city during the present week, commencing to-morrow. The various schedules advertise about a heterogenous a collection as it is possible to imagine. Among the articles so carelessly mailed that no clue can be discovered to their ownership are gold watches, chains and rings, and jewelry of almost all kinds; every description of wearing apparels, from men's overalls to babies' socks; books and pictures by the thousand, musical instruments, clocks, bed quilts, buffalo robes pistols, knives, tin dishes, nails and hardware of almost all descriptions (including iron casting), perfumery, tobacco and cigars, cheese (not excepting the Limberger variety), and almost all ordinary sorts of other shop merchandise, besides "miscellaneous articles" less suteeptible of classfication, which range from artificial teeth and false hair to stuffed birds and geological specimens

Consumption Cured.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Ashma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curtive powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHRAR, 149 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct16

Providence Independent.

THURSDAY, DEC., 18, 1879

LOCAL NEWS.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHIDADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk	6.24 a. m.
Accommodation	8.13 a m.
Market	1.28 p m
Accommodation	4.45 p. m.
Accommodation	7.24 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Mail	7.44 a. m.
Accommodation	9.16 a. m.
*Milk	2.57 p m.
Market	3 13 p. m.
Accommodation	7 32 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH

Milk	6.24 a m.
Accommodation	5 12 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation	9 35 a. m.
Milk	6 06 p. m.

*To and from Pennsburg only

Fresh Oysters in every style at Perkiomen Bridge hotel. Families supplied.

Fresh oysters in every style at H. D. Alderfer's hotel, Grater's Ford. Families supplied.

No Paper Next Week.

Believing that ourself and employees would be benefitted by a short holiday season, and being impressed with the idea that we can stand an arrangement of the kind as well as most people, there will be no paper published next week. We heartily wish our friends and patrons a very Merry Christmas, and we trust the next issue, January 1st. 1880, will find each and every one enjoying a Happy New Year.

A new ice house is te be erected in C. B. Heebner's meadow, at Arcola. So it is rumored.

Dr. Rosenberger, Collegeville, has enclosed his residence with a neat fence.

The revival meetings at Evansburg continue to be successful.

32 cows were sold at Perkiomen Bridge on Monday, by H. Allebach, at an average of $38 per head. His next sale will be held at the same place on Monday, December 29.

In the opinion of Judge Ross, the Norristown court room is "the worst ventilated room in the State of Pennsylvania."

Again we remind our subscribers, who reside at a distance, and others, that we are in need of money. Are you deaf that you hear not.

Our friend, Joseph G. Gotwals, the enterprising storekeeper at Upper Providence Square, was visited again by burglars on the night of the 11th inst. An entrance in the store was made by forcing open a shutter. They carried off about $50 worth of goods.

Through an oversight on our part, they very interesting letter from Boise City, Idaho, written by our old friend A. J. Gaumer, is not published this week. It will appear on the first page of our next issue, January 1st, 1880.

An unsuccessful attempt wade to burglarize the store of H. G. Schwenk, at Collegeville on Sunday night last. Miss Keelor first heard the noise and the presence of portly Henry prevented further efforts on the part of the thief or thieves.

By special arrangement with our excellent Philadelphia correspondent, we are enabled to present in another column, a condensed, though accurate, report of the great Grant reception in Philadelphia on Tuesday. Therefore, we specially advise a perusal of our Philadelphia letter.

The usual Christmas festival of the Sunday school of St. James' Episcopal Church, at Evansburg, will be held on the evening of Christmas day The principal attraction will be a Christmas tree, well loaded down with presents for the children, while music and addresses will enliven the festival. The public is respectfully invited to attend. Exercises to commence promptly at 7 o'clock. A collection will be taken.

The ice house for the Creamery at Yerkes' Station, is completed. The main building will be erected soon. Wm. Todd is contractor for the mason work, and next Saturday afternoon the contract for the wood work will be given out.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Whiting, of Jeffersonville, left on Tuesday for San Francisco, to spend some months in that city and vicinity. Mr. Whiting is an Elder and efficient worker in the Centennial Presbyterian Church.

A singing school was organized at the Quaker school house, this township, on Saturday night last, and the teacher, Jos. G. Gotwals, enrolled 49 names. It required considerable voting to decide the character of books to be used. The "Victory" was victorious. The school will doubtless be a success under the good management of Mr. Gotwals.

J. H. Richards, the very accommodating bread and cake manufacturer and dealer in confectioneries, Collegeville, has made extensive preparations to supply the wants of his numerous customers during the holiday season. Choice varieties of fruits, candies, fancy cakes, &c. &c., in abundance. Give him a call.

Lookout for H. Leopold's new advertisement in the next issue of this paper. He is taking things by storm, and surprising the ladies, beyond limit, with his large and varied stock of ladies' coats and dresses.

The old Royersford stove works, which have been lying idle for the past several years, will be put in operation early next spring. A co-operative company has been formed composed of ten persons, all of whom have had more or less experience in the stove foundry business.

J. R. Custer, Esq., of Chicago, was married quite recently to an accomplished lady. On their bridal tour east they were guests of Prof. A. Rambo, this place, for several days. Mr. C. prepared at Washington Hall for College, graduared at Pevnsylvania College, studied law at Albany, and is now practising law in Chicago. He is a nephew of Prof. Rambo. May happiness accompany them.

A monthly meeting of the Phi Kappa Tau Society will be held on the evening of the 27th of this month; exercises at 7 o'clock; library open at 6. Preparations for a grand concert, to be given on New Year's evening, are in progress by this Society. The programme will be such as to suit every musical taste.

The Young People's Lyceum met last Tuesday evening in the basement of Agustus Lutheran church. The attendance was large showing interest manifested in the promotion of the Lyceum. Twenty-two signed the constitution. After an intermission of a few minutes, that was certainly not misspent by all present, the chairman announced the programme for the evening. Miss Jennie Johnson read a selection, titled, "An Angel in a Saloon." Miss Lena Shuler followed with a declamation, "Lochsley Hall" by Tennyson. In addition to the regular programme there was a recitation by Miss Mary Beaver, subject, "The Last Hymn." The exercises were interspersed with music, rendered in a commendable manner. The meeting was brought to a close, and those present certainly thought it was well to have been there. J.

Dr. Gilbert, of Chestnut Hill, recently relieved a lady of a snake which she swallowed fifteen years ago. For several years she had suffered intensely, the reptile frequently crawling almost into her mouth in search of food. It had grown to very large proportions, greatly to the discomfort and disfigurement of the lady, who had spent large sums of money in her efforts to get rid of the unwelcome guest.

A grand musical and literary entertainment, as per announcement, was held at Prospect Terrace on Saturday evening last, exercises beginning at 8 o'clock. The weather being very favorable an encouraging number were present. Exercises were opened with music by Miss Minnie Weinberger and Prof. J. E. Kemp. The programme being too long to give a description of each performance, we will simply give the names of the performers. Ladies: Miss Ella K. Orwig, Miss Ida L. Orwig, Miss Mary Titlow, and Miss Minnie Weinberger. Gentlemen: Prof J. E. Kemp, Mr. J. C. Lenhart, and Mr. Lewis Orwig. The exercises consisted of music, recitations and tableaux. The entertainment was a grand success and the performers won the hearty applause of the audience. L. F. B.

On Sabbath Decen ber 21st, the main audience room of the Spring City M. E. Church will be dedicated with appropriate services. On Saturday evening 20th there will be a reunion service, and preaching by Rev. J. H. Wood. Several former pastors are expected to be present. The following Philadelphia clergymen are expected to preach. At 10 a. m. on Sabbath. Rev. H. W. Warren, D. D. 2.30 p. m., Rev. S. W. Thomas. The children of the Sabbath school will participate in this service. 7 p. m., Rev. T. A. Feruley. In connection with the evening service the building will be dedicated in the usual manner. The building is 45 x 80 and will accommodate about 500 persons. The walls are neatly frescoed and the wood work, pulpit furniture included, is all ash and walnut. The building is a model of neatness and comfort.

The Lehigh Telegraph Company have completed their line as far as Norristown and opened an office in Music Hall, in the rear of the store occupied by Albertson's news agency. The operator is Mr. Kebl Markley, son of Mr. Richard Markely, formerly of Norristown. The line has connections in this county with Fairview, Centre Point, Skippackville, Lederachsville and Harleysville; in Bucks county with Trumbauersville, Quakertown, Milford Square, Steinsburg, Spinnerstown and Krausedale. Leaving the latter station the line again enters Montgomery, where there is an office at East Greenville and Palm. Entering Berks county there are offices at Hereforville and Treichlersville. From there the line passes into Lehigh, where it connects with many of its town and villages of that county.

From Oaks Station.

On Saturday, December 13th, the body of Mr. Jennings, of Mont. Clare, was found in the Schuylkill canal below Port Providence. He was last seen alive about a month ago, somewhat under the influence of liquor. Some persons passing over the canal bridge at Mont Clare heard a splash in the water, as if some on had fell or jumped in the water. It was about 11 o'clock at night and they thought no more about it until a day or two after when it was ascertained that Jennings was missing. There was not much effort made to find him as it was supposed he had gone off on a "spree," and those persons who heard the splash were not credited. His body was fished up by the tow line of a canal boat a ter being in the water about a month. The body was put in a bateau boat and taken to Mont Clare, where an inquest was held by Coroner Long.

The Dunkards had baptism at Brower's Landing on Sunday. Three persons were baptized. It being a very disagreeable day few persons were present to view the ceremony.

The trial of T. Jefferson Jack and Horace Hallman, for the murder of Samuel Crooks, of Pottsgrove township, on the 16th of August last, was held at Norristown last week, commencing on Tuesday morning.

The jury retired at 4.15 p. m., on Friday afternoon. An hour or two later the foreman, Mr. Samuel Harris, came into court and desired to be relieved as such. The court granted his request and appointed Mr. Henry Lehman in his stead.

At 8.30 p. m., the jury came into court with a verdict of not guilty as to Jack but guilty of involuntary manslaughter as to Hallman. The court said the verdict as to Jack could stand but that against Hallman was erroneous under the bill of indictment as he had charged them. Mr. Lehman explained that the jury had not understood the charge of the court correctly, and the jury retired again, only to return a few minutes later with a general verdict of not guilty.

Bills against the defendants are still pending from manslaughter to a simple assault and battery, and it is now proposed to make the defendants renew bail for their appearance at the March sessions.

A number of friends of New Hanover, Pottsgrove, Pottstown, Limerick and Frederick, assembled on Friday evening last, at the residence of Elias Fagley, Esq., in Fagleysville, in honor of the 57th anniversary of his birthday, and also of the 38th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Fagley. The friends, 54 in number, arrived at his house at half past seven o'clock Among them were old people, middle aged and young persons, and all enjoyed themselves greatly. About 11 o'clock the whole party sat down to a well filled table, and the whole evening was spent delightfully. Every thing passed off exceedingly well, and the friends departed to their homes at 1 o'clock on Saturday morning, all well satisfied with their great surprise to Fagley's family.—*Register.*

The farmers and dairymen of Limerick township, propose to commence in a short time, at Limerick Square, a building for the manufacture of butter and cheese. A preliminary meeting was held at Washington Hall, Limerick, on Monday evening of last week, at which Henry Johnson presided, and T. N. Townsend acted as secretary. The attendance was large and the project was discussed in all its bearings. A goodly number of shares of stock were subscribed for.

Miscellany.

Frogs are mist before they are gone.

The string game—Making a fish-net.

All blacksmiths have at least one voice.

The sweat game—Handling a duck saw.

Neptune's coat of arms—The crest of a wave.

Who can tell the value of a smile? The bartender.

The æriul quicksey is what they call hanging in Kansas.

'Ah,' said a deaf man who had a scolding wife, 'man wants but little hear, below.'

A fond parent, on hearing his son bang the piano, remarked, 'There's music in the heir.'

A cur that no one will own will get a tin kettle at a given distance as quickly as a $100 important dog will.

We presume the axle trees of railroad car-wheels are called journals because of there rapid circulation.

Why are good resolutions like squalling baby at church? Because they should always be carried out.

'That beats the Dutch,' as the Teutonic hotel-keeper said when one of his guests left him between two days, forgetting to pay his bill.

Medican man—And then, with regard to the swelling at the back of your head, I don't apprehend anything serious, but you must keep your eye on it'

A college orator, in a spike-tailed coat, points the way to true greatness, and then goes out and rents himself as a pitcher for a professional nine.

Strange that nobody ever thought of trying the effort of a barber's breath on the potato bug. It's pretty hard remedy, but something must be done.

'Now, tell me candidly, are you guilty?' asked a lawyer of his client in tha county jail. 'Why do you suppose I'd be fool enough to hire you if I was innocent.'

Sea-bathing is hardly ever indulged in by the Russian ladies, on account of the jealousy felt by the nobility against permitting any familiarity with the serf.

A tramp was found dead out West with this bit of information pasted on the inside of his hat:—. Violiet-le-Duc, died of apoplexy, brought on by overwork.'

What terminates a man's smile about as quick as anything else, is to have his cane slip out of his hand and drop through a grating in front of an unoccupied building.

A young lady thinks it's better to have the gas jet turned low of a Sunday night when her beau's there. She wisely believes that one 'flame' in a room is enough at a time.

An old gentleman, who had been intolerably annoyed by the hideous noises made dy a drove of donkeys, mildly asked: 'Do not these creatures ever die of softening of the brayin'?'

Johnny says his mother makes a great cry if his little sister goes without her shade hat. She don't want her to get freckled, but she doesn't seem to care a bit how much his father tans him.

A prominent Congressman took his daughter to task the other evening because she permitted her lover to stay awhile after 10 o'clock, 'La, pa,' she said,' we were only holding a little extra session.'

There are 30,000 deaf mutes in the United States, and fifty places of worship where services are conducted in the sign language.

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Yerkes' Station, Perk. R. R.

MONTG. CO., PA.

Where you can buy at the lowest figures. Having the best and most improved facilities we are prepared to manufacture and sell First Grade

FLOUR !

AND ALL KINDS OF

MILL FEED,

At the very lowest prices. Highest cash Market Prices paid for Wheat at all times.

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DEALER IN

FRESH AND PURE DRUGS !

Of Every Description. Also a full line of

PAINTS,

OILS,

GLASS,

&c., &c., &c.

—:O:—

Fine Cigars & Tobacco.

! PURE SPICES !

FOR FAMILY USE.

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ROOFING, SLAB, AND SCHOOL SLATE.

OFFICE OF THE EXCELSIOR SLATE QUARRIES, WORKS NEAR SLATINGTON, PA.

This Slate is conceded to be the Most Durable Roofing Slate in the country. We have over 8,000 Squares of Different Sizes on the Bank and are prepared to furnish all kinds of Roofing Slate at the very Shortest Notice, and at the Lowest Prices. These Slate are believed to be Proof and have shown no indications in the last 30 years of fading or crumbling. Orders filled by Boats or Car lots. Send for price list. Address

J. P. KOONS. Ag't.

Rahn's Station Mont., Co., Pa.

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The old Royer store stan, warehouse and dwelling, located in Trappe, is for rent. It is acknowledged to be one of the best locations in the county, and parties wishing to engage in the store business will do well to apply to the undersigned and learn the terms. Terms easy.

M. STERNBERGER

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself. Address

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Cheap for Cash,

A Full Supply of

BUILDING LUMBER

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Anthracite and Bituminous

COAL, COAL,

By the Car Load, direct from the Mines, or by the ton, from the yard, Chestnut

Cedar and Hemlock Rails.

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AIR GROOVED RAILS FOR PALE FENCE.

GRISTOCK & VANDERSLICE,

COLLEGEVILLE, MONT. CO., PA.

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Drs. Royer & Ashenfelter,

PRACTISING PHYSICIANS,

TRAPPE PA.

☞ OFFICE HOURS. { 7 to 9 A. M. / 1 to 2 P. M. / 6 to 8 P. M.

may4-tf.

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Bread and Fancy Cake Baker

He manufactures all kinds of

CAKES and CHOICE BREAD.

All those desirious of possessing good Bread and Cakes will do well to give him a trial.

He also manufactures and sells

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Parties and Pic-Nics supplied at short notice.

FREELAND,

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IMPORTANT FACTS!

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All kinds of Furniture at Astonishly Low Prices. A large and well selected stock on hand.

French Dressing Suits in Walnut Oiled $45.50

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" " " " 48.00

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All the aboue Suits furnished with the best Italial Marble.

Solid Walnut Bureau Suits, $25 00

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Large Stock of all kinds of Chairs on hand and made to order. Extension, Marble and Wood Top, Parlor, sofa, Drop-Leaf, Centre, and in fact all kinds of Tables. Lounges, Settees. Sofas. Wardrobes. Book-Cases Secretaries. Writing Desks, &c. Brackets, Hat Racks, Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, Chromos. Hair, Husk and Straw Mattresses.

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Venitian Blinds, Repaired ☞ All kinds of Repairing Done to Order, in the Best and Most Substantial Manner.

Our Goods are Warranted as Represented, and we allow no trashy or inferior Furniture in our Ware-Rooms. Being Manufacturers we know whereof we speak, and a trial will convince you of these facts.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense The best Opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business and make great pay for every hour that you work Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Add's H. HALLET & Co Jul-79lyr Portland, Maine

---

New Store !

The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has opened a Store at the well known HUNSICKER STORE STAND two miles north east of Phœnixville, where will be found staple

! DRY GOODS ! FINE GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

The very best brands of

! Family Flour !

&c. &c. &c.

He is Determined to Sell as Low as the Lowest.

He also carries on

Harness Making,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

In all its branches, and keeps constantly on hand ready made Harness. Collars, Robes, Blankets, Carriage Whips, and General Horse Goods. Very Thankful for past favors and solicit a continued public patronage.

Yours Very Respectfully,

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P. O. Address. Phœnixville, Penna.

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Will open her store for the sale of

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$300 A MONTH guaranteed, $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfits and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address TRUE & CO.,

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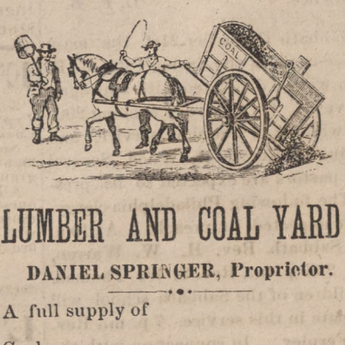

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